

The Critic

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Philip Bourke Marston.

IT SEEMS not unfitting that something should be written concerning Philip Bourke Marston on this side of the water, and by one who knew the whole story of his life as fully, perhaps, as any living friend, except his father. It was on the first of July, 1876, that I first met him, having been previously much interested in his poems. It was at a literary evening—a sort of Authors' Night—at a well-known London house, and I knew the blind poet would be among the guests—the one, indeed, whom I felt most interest in meeting. I soon perceived him, standing beside his sister Ciceley—a slight, rather tall man of twenty-six, very young looking even for his age. He had a wonderfully fine brow. His brown eyes were still beautiful in shape and color. His dark brown hair and beard had glints of chestnut; and all his coloring was rich and warm. His was a singularly refined face, with a beautiful expression when in repose—keenly sensitive, but with full, pleasure-loving lips, that made one understand how hard his limitations must be for him to whom beauty and pleasure were so dear. At that time the color came and went in his cheeks as in those of a sensitive girl. His sister—herself a person of no common intellectual ability—soon grew to be my intimate friend; and I knew the whole family so well that Philip's past life became as familiar to me as it could be to any one who had not shared it.

He was born on the 13th of August, 1850, and was the son of Dr. Westland Marston, poet, dramatist and essayist, whose first play—'The Patrician's Daughter'—was produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, under Macready's management, in 1842, when the author was only twenty-three years of age. Philip's mother was a woman of quiet and domestic tastes, who lived in and for her husband and her children; but she was also a woman of much cultivation—a fine linguist, a good critic, a loving reader of the best books—exactly fitted to be the blessing of poet-husband and poet-son. His two sisters, Ciceley and Eleanor (afterwards the wife of Arthur O'Shaughnessy), were both older than himself; and this one son was the darling of the household. Philip James Bailey, the author of 'Festus,' was his god-father, for whom he was named, and Miss Muloch, now Mrs. Craik, was his god-mother. Mrs. Craik has told me what an exceptionally lovely boy he was during the first three years of his life. As everybody knows, Philip Marston was the 'Philip my King' of Miss Muloch's charming lyric thus entitled. She once said to me that she had never seen eyes so beautiful as were his when that poem was written. At the end of those three years he received a blow which was, as his father has often told me, the cause of his blindness. He was playing with some other little boys, and his eyes were especially sensitive at the time in consequence of belladonna which had been administered as a preventive of scarlet fever. The blow which accidentally hit one eye inflamed it, and that inflammation was communicated to the other, and he soon became what I should have called

blind, save that he said to me, with energy, 'No! I was not blind, then. I couldn't read, of course, or see the faces of people; but I could see the tree-boughs waving in the wind, and I could see the pageant of sunset in the West, and the glimmer of a fire upon the hearth, and oh, it was such a different thing from the days that came afterwards, when I could not see anything!'

How many tales he has told me of his darkened, dream-haunted childhood! He began very early to feel the full pain of his loss of vision. He fell in love, when he was not more than nine or ten years old, with a beautiful young lady, and went through all a lover's gamut of joys and pains; and sometimes the torture of not being able to behold the beauty of his adored was so extreme that he used to dash his head against the wall, in a sudden mad longing to be done at once with life and sorrow. Yet the love of life was keen in him, and his earliest childhood was haunted by visions of future fame, which should make people acknowledge that though blind his soul yet saw unshared visions. His *life* was his education. His home was the resort of men like Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, and all the group of intellectual giants of that time; and every day's guests were his unconscious teachers. He was fourteen, I think, when he first met Swinburne, who was just then the idol of his boyish worship. At that time—so wonderful was his memory—he actually knew by heart the whole of the first series of 'Poems and Ballads.' He was taken to see his demigod, and entered the sacred presence with a heart beating almost to suffocation; and went home feeling that his hopes and dreams had been, for once, fulfilled. To the very end of his days Swinburne's friendship was a pride and joy to him, and I have seen scores of letters in which the elder poet gave to the younger praise so cordial and so earnest that one might wear it proudly as a wreath of immortelles. Later on he grew to know intimately Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and from him, also, he received unstinted praise and encouragement. I have seen Rossetti's numerous letters; and I think one might have courage to bear almost any calamity in life fortified by such letters from such a man—almost any calamity, but not such weight of woes as overwhelmed this one, whom, as he himself said in one of his strongest sonnets, 'the gods derided.'

When he was scarcely twenty his mother died. Hitherto she had written out all his poems, sympathized with his ambitions, shared his dreams, and been at once friend and mother. Her loss was the second great and irremediable misfortune of his life. He mourned for her with the passionate intensity characteristic of his nature; but after a brief time there seemed to be for him a promise of consolation. He loved and was beloved by Miss Mary Nesbit, to whom he became engaged. A harrowing but utterly mistaken story has lately been told of her sudden death in the midst of health, and without any previous warning. The facts were quite otherwise. About the time of the betrothal Miss Nesbit developed symptoms of consumption. The disease progressed very rapidly, for three months; but the end was neither unforeseen nor especially sudden. The blow which thus shattered the young poet's hopes of a shared future and a happy domesticity to console him for his darkened life was heavy indeed. Previously to this loss—in 1871—Marston's first volume, 'Song-Tide, and Other Poems,' had appeared, and had met with a marked success. The group of sonnets called 'Song-Tide' were those in which, like Petrarch, he had chanted his lady's praises; and he was able to give to his betrothed, before her death, the first copy of this book of love. Just then—while there was still hope that she might live—just then, if ever, was the tide of Marston's life at the full. Poets and critics alike praised his work. I have seen letters on letters of praise from Swinburne and Rossetti, and in one of them the latter wrote:—'Only yesterday evening I was reading your "Garden Secrets" to Wm. Bell Scott, who fully agreed with me that it is not too much to say of them that they are worthy of Shak-

speare in his subtlest lyrical moods.' In this height of achievement and of joy stood Philip Bourke Marston at twenty-one. He was reckoned by the masters of song as among their high kindred; readers were clamoring for a second edition of his book; the girl to whom he had given his young love had not shrunk from clasping hands with him in his darkness. But still 'the gods derided him.'

In November, 1871, his betrothed died. And then the last, flickering flame of light went out from his sad eyes. Was it that so many tears had quenched it? Ciceley, who loved him as sisters seldom love, gave herself to his service in that hour of his supreme need even more completely than his mother had done. From that time they lived together in London, save when they went away for some pleasant outing—usually to France, but once to Italy, the 'woman-country,' the dream-land of poets, the home of art. Eight years afterwards Philip wrote:—

O, how fleet,
How fair with dreams accomplished, heavenly sweet,
Was that our sovereign month in Italy!

Those golden weeks were a memory of joy, which seemed never to lose its fresh zest, for all the rest of his life. In 1872 Marston formed a close intimacy with Oliver Madox Brown, son of the well-known artist, Ford Madox Brown, and himself a painter of promise, and an author already of noble and memorable performance, though he died before he was twenty. How often I have heard Marston speak of him as his friend of friends, whose like could never come again. In 1874 this gifted genius and charming and beloved young man died, in his turn, after a brief illness; and again those blind eyes burned with the hopeless tears which mourn the dead.

Before young Brown died, Marston had prepared for the press his second volume of poems—'All-in-All.' This, with the exception of one poem to his sister, was the poetic record of his grief for his dead sweetheart. It was too uniformly sad, and too monotonous in theme, to achieve so speedy a success as 'Song-Tide' had secured; but it contained some of its author's most noble and stately poems. It was very soon after the publication of 'All-in-All' in 1874 that *Scridner's Monthly* (now *The Century*) printed the first of Marston's numerous contributions to the American press. As he wrote so much for America and had so many American friends, he used to keep the American flag in his room, and playfully to declare himself 'a natural American citizen.' Among the American friends whom he devotedly loved were Mrs. L. C. Bullard, Paul Hamilton Hayne and E. C. Stedman. He had a sincere attachment, also, for Whittier, who had written to and of him in the kindest manner; for Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Gustafson and others. As I have said, it was the summer of 1876 when my own friendship with him began. That summer he had begun to go about among his friends rather freely, for the first time since his many bereavements, and was everywhere so welcome that it must have warmed his sad heart. Philip's companionship was a revelation to me of the possible completeness of intellectual sympathy. In reading to him I can scarcely recall a time when our tastes or judgments differed. If I said, 'How beautiful that is!' he would answer 'Yes, I was waiting for you to say that.' One could hardly hope to meet twice in a life-time such kinship of the spirit.

I had known him and his sister but a few days more than two years when, on July 28, 1878, Ciceley called upon me at my rooms. Dr. Marston and Philip were away in France, and she spoke of them very tenderly that morning. She complained, when she came in, of an intense headache, and after a little I made her lie down to see what rest would do for her. She grew worse, and when the doctor came he pronounced her illness apoplexy. My name was the last word on her faithful lips; and in the mid-afternoon of that long July day she died. Quite unaware of her death—since we did not know where to find them with a telegram—and while she was still awaiting burial, her father and brother returned.

On this crushing sorrow I cannot linger. Its full bitterness I shared. I think it was the cruellest bereavement that had ever come to our poet. When his mother, his betrothed, and his friend died, he still—as he used often to say—had Ciceley; but when she left him there remained for him no such constant and consoling presence. His other sister was married, and therefore was not in his daily life at all; and at that time, even, she herself was a chronic invalid. His father was his one closest tie; but many sorrows had saddened Dr. Marston and broken his health; and there was no one to be to Philip what Ciceley had been, as reader, amanuensis, and constant untiring companion. It was the year before Ciceley's death—1877—in which, to gratify a whim of mine, the well-known novelist, R. E. Francillon, cast Philip's horoscope. Mr. Francillon is a loving student of all mystic lore, and has studied astrology, by way of amusing himself, until he has become a thorough proficient in its mysteries. As a sort of test of the clear-seeing of the stars, I persuaded him to cast, and carefully to write out, the horoscope of the blind poet; and in this manuscript—which I still have in my possession—he prophesied, several times over, the death of its subject in 1887. One never believes in such prophecies until after their fulfilment; but I look back, now, to see, with wonder, how many predictions, even besides this final one, that horoscope contained; and they have been fulfilled, every one.

After the loss of his sister Marston enlarged the circle of his intimate friends. He became devotedly attached to the young poets, Mary Robinson, William Sharp, and Herbert Clarke. Mr. Churchill Osborne, of Salisbury, was another comparatively recent but very dear friend. Iza Duffus Hardy had been the tender, helpful, sister-like friend of all his life. Theodore Watts, the beloved friend of Rossetti and of Swinburne—himself poet, critic and romancer—has lately written most tenderly of the dead poet in *The Athenæum*. These and many others clung to Philip devotedly until the last; and the world out of which he has gone will never be quite the same again for these his friends. In 1883 Marston published his latest volume of poems, entitled 'Wind-Voices.' It was an immediate success. Roberts Bros., of Boston, sold every copy of the edition they imported; and the London publishers sold every copy they had retained, the last of them at a considerable premium. For, unfortunately, the book was not stereotyped, and is now out of print on both sides of the Atlantic. Since its publication the author's strength of body has seemed, year by year, to decline. He has told me, many times, how brief he felt would be his remaining days. But I could never believe it; for he seemed, after all, too full of life to die. How gay he was, when he had anybody with whom to make merry—how full of wit, and fun, and laughter! I felt that he *must* go on living; and yet, knowing how sad was his heart, down under the laughter, I was not surprised by this passage in one of his letters:—'You will miss me, perhaps, when I am gone, but you must not mourn for me. I think few lives have been so deeply sad as mine, though I do not forget those who have blessed it.'

During last August he had a serious attack of illness—something of the nature of brain-fever; and one of his delusions was, that outside his window in Brighton, where he was stopping with his father—out of this window, which looked upon a stone-paved yard, he could see an ocean stretching broad and blue, and on it ships, with great white sails set, going always to America. He had longed much to come here, and had always felt sure that he would come, some day. So, when his disordered brain had visions of these white-winged ships sailing where he longed to go, he used to smile, in his pain and his weakness, and say they would stop for him, soon. I saw him after this illness, at the end of September. He was much changed from his old self; and his once fine memory had greatly failed. He remembered every incident of eight or ten years ago, with an almost photographic minuteness, and recurred

to long-past conversations and old jests; but he forgot the events of yesterday, the appointments of to-morrow. 'I am horribly broken up by that illness,' he used to say to me, 'and I don't know why I should want to live; but I dread that mystery beyond. If I only *knew*!' Still, I did not once think that he would die. All through the past winter his letters have been unutterably sad, and very much briefer than usual, because—as he was always saying—he felt too weak to sit up at his type-writer. Sometimes he would write, 'I hope you will be coming soon, else I shall never see you again.' And once he wrote: 'I feel that I said my last good-bye to you, that 4th of October, when we parted at the Euston Station. I shall be gone—somewhere—before you come again. The stony streets will be here, and the bells that drive me mad will ring; but I shall be gone. You will miss me sometimes, I think, you and a few others; and perhaps people will be sorry when they remember how dark and lonely was the life I lived here.' That passage was in one of his mid-winter letters; and he wrote similar ones again and again. How they come back to me now—vain cries out of the dark! At the time I thought them only the expression of a transient weakness; and looked tranquilly forward to finding him better in the spring. 'If I *could* only sleep,' he wrote, in letter after letter; 'I try everything, but rest will not come. Is there anything in all the world so good as sleep?' And now 'sleep wraps him round.'

It was the very last of January when he experienced what seemed like a slight shock of paralysis. The first day of February he telegraphed to his friend Herbert Clarke to come to him, for he was very ill. Clarke went, and found him able to speak only with the greatest difficulty. But he managed to say that he wanted to live, and hoped he should get better. After that day, until his death, he never spoke at all. His father wrote me that sometimes his vain attempts to make himself understood were agonizing—but at other times he would be quiet, and seem to understand all that was said to him; and when absent friends were spoken of, a sweet and tender smile would flicker round his speechless lips. He hardly seemed to grow worse at all, during the last week. Indeed, on Sunday, February 13, there seemed more hope for him than at any time after he was seized with his fatal illness. But, to quote his father's words, in a letter to me:—'On Monday morning, at about 9:45, he alarmed the nurse by a slight palpitation, gave one or two sighs, and was gone. He almost slept into Eternity.' On Friday, Feb. 18, he was buried in Highgate Cemetery. Miss Hardy writes:—'I saw his face just before the coffin-lid closed on it. The seal of peace was there. It was a calm more utter than that of sleep—marble-still, serene.' Another friend writes:—'Philip looked wonderfully transfigured and most beautiful, his dark hair and beard contrasting with the pure palor of his face—that peaceful face.' A cruel sleet was falling when they laid him under the damp sods at Highgate. His coffin was heaped with loving tributes of flowers from many a friend; and two white camellias were laid, inside, upon his heart. Bitter tears fell for him—and fall still, for he was not of those who die and are forgotten.

The world will not let his work die out of remembrance, or cease to be grateful for the rich gifts his too short life bequeathed; but we to whom he was personally so dear—what can the world's praise of him do toward comforting our sorrow? The very house he lived and died in must be haunted, it seems to me, forever by his pain; and as he himself wrote:

Must this not be, that one then dwelling here,
Where one man and his sorrows dwelt so long,
Shall feel the pressure of a ghostly throng,
And shall upon some desolate midnight hear
A sound more sad than is the pine-tree's song,
And thrill with great, inexplicable fear!

Yes, it *must* count for something that these long woes are over; and that somewhere, 'beyond these voices, there is Peace.'

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Reviews

Lafcadio Hearn's "Chinese Ghosts."

THOSE who remember a little book by Lafcadio Hearn called 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literature,' that appeared a few years ago, will hear with pleasure of a new one by the same author—a quaint little volume, beautifully printed, piquant in color and design, and called 'Some Chinese Ghosts.' The stories are 'Ghosts,' however, not because they are ghost-stories, but because the spirit of the dainty work in which Mr. Hearn has robed these fancies is borrowed from Chinese legend. It is always difficult in adaptations of any kind to give just the right amount of credit to the original author. The author has been eager in both his little books to give full credit to the source of his inspiration, and it is probable that few readers will really appreciate how great is Mr. Hearn's own contribution to each story. The way in which he tells the original legend is entirely his own, and is picturesque and poetic to a degree. Mr. Stoddard's rhythmical version of two legends from Mr. Hearn's first book, 'The Judgment of Solomon' and 'The Brahman's Son,' published in *Harper's Monthly*, were interesting as showing how slight was the change needed—in many and many a line barely the alteration of a syllable or two—to transform Mr. Hearn's prose into perfectly rhythmical blank verse. The diction in both books is exquisite. Around the cocoon of an Oriental thought, Mr. Hearn has woven the soft silk of such dainty and shimmering fancy, that one half grudges any foreign element in the whole, and wonders whether, if the silk were unwound from the cocoon, it would not, as the ladies say of a rich fabric, 'almost stand alone.' Certainly, the web that Mr. Hearn's luxurious language weaves, at once delicate and gorgeous, is like that mysterious silk from the loom of his own Tchi-Niu: 'For as she wove, the silk flowed from the loom like a slow current of glossy gold, bearing upon its undulations strange forms of violet and crimson and jewel-green; shapes of ghostly horsemen riding upon horses, and of phantom chariots dragon-drawn, and of standards of trailing cloud. In every dragon's beard glimmered the mystic pearl; in every rider's helmet sparkled the gem of rank.'

For the kind of work, nothing could be more perfect; the value to be attached to the kind will depend on the temperament of the reader. To some people anything Oriental is fascinating; to others, the legend or thought must be peculiarly striking to redeem its oddity. The legends of the 'Chinese Ghosts' vary in quality: that of the origin of the tea-plant is quaint, touching and picturesque; but 'The Story of Ming-y' scarcely seems worth the telling, and certainly is not worthy of Mr. Hearn's telling. Altogether, even while charmed, one cannot help wishing that such beauty of style might be evolved naturally from the thought, instead of being wrapped around it. One is sure that a writer capable of so much must be capable of more, and it would be interesting to see more modern themes and thoughts touched with this rare grace.

The Earl of Shaftesbury.

IF FUTURE generations do not know all about the eminent Englishmen and Americans of the Nineteenth Century, it will not be the fault of the biographers. Within a year after the death of any noted author, artist or politician we are quite sure to have his life, or his letters, or both; and, indeed, many a celebrity makes haste to get fame and money by printing what he has to say in his lifetime. Lord Brougham announced his death in order to read his obituaries—a dangerous experiment; the modern *magna pars fui* trusts himself to the critics rather than the obituary editors of the daily papers.

The Earl of Shaftesbury was not a man, however, who needed to fear what was said of him either before or after

* Some Chinese Ghosts. By Lafcadio Hearn. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K. G. By Edwin Hedder. With portraits. 3 vols. \$7.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

his death. Few Englishmen of his time were better known, or dwelt on a higher plane of life-work. Though his political career was not of commanding importance it was more than respectable, and was associated with measures of high interest and influence. As a philanthropist the Earl of Shaftesbury was still more widely known, and many were the useful labors, in church, hospital, tenement-house, factory and school, which he started, promoted or shared. In America he was best known, perhaps, by his religious position, that of leader of the 'Evangelical' party in the Church of England. That once powerful party found itself, in Shaftesbury's time, beset behind and before. On the one hand were the Tractarians and later Ritualists, with their eyes fixed on Rome, or at best on fusty Copts, bedizened Greeks, or insecure 'Old Catholics,' rather than on the good Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians around them. On the other hand were the 'Essays and Reviews' men, Stanley, Maurice, Robertson, the liberal half of Charles Kingsley, Max Müller and Matthew Arnold, ready, in Shaftesbury's view, to envelop the establishment in German-pagan fog. In all circumstances Shaftesbury remained, as he phrased it, 'an Evangelical of the Evangelicals'; at first a narrow and bigoted one, as when he ruled Roman Catholics out of the Christian lists, but, as he grew older, more tolerant and charitable, at least in furthering his own views, for he worked with Pusey as against the 'Broad Churchmen,' and with Manning as against the common foes of Christianity.

Mr. Edwin Hodder, in his three-volume life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, has done only fairly good work. He writes plainly but not picturesquely; he does not sufficiently discriminate between the important and transient elements in the history of the time; and he is nowhere critical or analytical in his estimate of the character of his subject. Above all, he is inordinately prolix. What is to come of us all—except the printers and the paper-makers—if the swollen biographies now in vogue are to continue in fashion? The Earl of Shaftesbury was a faithful, earnest, high-minded and influential British peer, politician, philanthropist and Christian; but shall we therefore devote to him three octavo volumes, fifteen or twenty hours of reading time, and seven dollars and a half? The weary reader, at the close, wishes for something a little less tamely monotonous, and would even pardon, by way of a change, that famous but irreverent statement in which Matthew Arnold defined the Trinity in terms of the Earl of Shaftesbury, so to speak; and which he afterward exchanged, owing to his high esteem for the latter.

Poets Old and New.*

THE handsome edition of Sir John Suckling's poems (1) which Messrs. White, Stokes & Allen have recently issued is the first that has appeared in this country. Nor is the present a complete collection, for many of the poet's writings are omitted in deference to modern taste. The sprightliest of singers, he was also the most careless; but the incomparable fire and lightness of his verse will always compel admiration. Yet, after all, the two or three famous ballads of Suckling's which may be found in every good anthology, contain the essence of his qualities. An etched portrait after Vandyke is prefixed to the volume.

Bibliophiles will give a cordial welcome to the tasteful compilation which Mr. Brander Matthews has published under the title of 'Ballads of Books' (2). A compilation, we say, and something more; for the new matter which has been specially contributed by Messrs. Bunner, Dobson, Munby, Lang and others takes rank with the best work between the two covers. Mr. Matthews has shown excellent

judgment in his selections, and the number of charming variations upon a single theme which are here presented is truly remarkable. The quiet elegance of the *ensemble* deserves a word of praise, and the arch humor of the frontispiece is worthy of Doyle.

The present edition of Mrs. Pfeiffer's Sonnets (3) is intended as the first volume of a projected reissue of her complete poetical works, most of which were destroyed by the fire at Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s establishment in 1882. The eagle-flight of Mrs. Pfeiffer's song far outsoars the petty domestic range of feminine verse in general. She has chosen the better part in poesy; her mission it is to interpret the ministration of beauty. The pessimism of the age is her chosen foe; but a foe to be fought in all knightliness, and by no means after the fashion of the Holy Office. There is an affinity in her mood to that of the Transcendental school, but with no trace of the overwrought fantasy with which Transcendental thought was more or less imbued. Her sympathy with human effort and suffering, the fine quality of her intelligence, her elevation of sentiment, all forbid her playing the part of a mere carper at progress, a mere eulogist of bygone ways. The following sonnet is perhaps as good an example of the tendency of her thought as another, though it scarcely represents the poet at her best:

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

All ye child-hearted ones, born out of time,
Born to an age that sickens and grows old,
Born in a tragic moment, dark and cold;
Fair blossoms opening in an alien clime,
Young hearts and warm, spring forward to your prime,
But lose not that child-spirit glad and bold
Which claims its heirship to the tender fold
Of parent arms, and with a trust sublime
Smiles in Death's face if only Love be near!
O worshipful young hearts that love can move
And loveless loneliness contract with fear,
Hold fast the sacred instincts which approve
A fatherhood divine, that clear child-eyes
May light the groping progress of the wise!

There is something high and enduring in Mrs. Pfeiffer's verse; not a few of these sonnets, indeed, are models of the 'grand style' itself, in spite of occasional flaws. But whilst we pace as it were the aisles of this noble cathedral, so profound is the impression we receive, that it well-nigh seems a profanation even to point out the beauty of the structure. England may well be proud of her women, when within the period of twoscore years such lights as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Marian Evans and Emily Pfeiffer have arisen in her skies.

'Risifi's Daughter' (4) is a metrical drama of the operatic sort. It is a highly moral piece, and there are some prettily-written lines in it; but its Dresden china heroics are apt to make the reader smile in the wrong places.

Prof. Crane's "Romantisme Francais."*

A REMARKABLE corollary to the growth of modern language study in this country during the last twenty years is the frequency with which we are called upon to chronicle the appearance of fresh and finer editions of texts and philological works in these languages. Formerly school teachers were content with unannotated texts like the dreary Tauchnitz classics, or with such critical puerilities as those which have made themselves monumental in the ancient Delphines. Now there is an eager demand for editions critically edited—an impulse which the recent organization of the American Modern Language Association has greatly quickened and intensified. One of the most seasonable and favorable signs of this vital interest is the admirable work done by the scholars whom the publishing houses of Putnam's Sons, H. Holt & Co., Ginn & Co. and D. C. Heath & Co. have enrolled under their respective banners. The

* 1. The Poems of Sir John Suckling. New edition, with Preface and Notes, edited by Frederick A. Stokes. \$2. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. 2. Ballads of Books. Chosen by Brander Matthews. \$2. New York: George J. Coombes. 3. Sonnets. By Emily Pfeiffer. Revised and enlarged edition. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford. 4. Risifi's Daughter: A Drama. By Anna Katharine Green. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Le Romantisme Français: A Selection from Writers of the French Romantic School, 1824-48. Edited by Prof. T. F. Crane. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

book before us is an example in print. Prof. Crane, of Cornell University, already known as an accomplished folklorist, has added to his and Prof. Brun's '*Tableaux de la Révolution Française*,' published two or three years ago, a new volume, carefully edited and annotated, on the Romantic French Writers of the epoch 1824-48. This period, so far as we know, has not before been represented in American pedagogical literature, and Prof. Crane's substantial work on it is on that account all the more welcome. The writers from whom choice illustrative selections are taken are Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Honoré de Balzac, Mérimée, Théophile Gautier and Sainte-Beuve. A lucid Introduction gives full information on the meaning, range, momentum and decadence of the Romantic movement in France, while an excellent bibliography contains all that a person interested in French poetry and prose of the last fifty years need refer to for exhaustive discussion of the subject. While there are a good many misprints and misplaced accents here and there through the book, the printing is in the main correct, and the type delightful.

Minor Notices.

WHEN Mrs. James Brown Potter compiled '*My Recitations*' (Lippincott) she was an amateur, and something more; a few days hence she will be a 'professional.' She has long held an anomalous position in society and on the stage. A lady by birth and connection, endowed with much beauty and a modicum of dramatic talent, she has been for two years the most conspicuous woman in America, excepting only the mistress of the White House. Her social success has been due in large part to her position on the stage, while her success on the stage has been due in equal measure to her position in 'society.' Her attitude toward the press and the attitude of the press toward her have been an offense to all who hold to the privacy of social life—to all, that is, but the cynical or the silly. It is well, for some reasons, that she has gone upon the stage. She will now, for the first time, be criticised freely and impartially, and will learn to what extent she has been misled, if at all, by amiable friends. There is little to be said about the book before us. It is not very carefully edited (of its errors perhaps the worst is the attribution to Mrs. Browning of the unpoetic lines entitled '*A Woman's Question*'); and a lot of rubbish is mingled with the good things it contains. But its range is wide, and other recitationists may enjoy repeating Mr. Sims's '*Ostler Joe*' and Mrs. Wilcox's '*Two Sinners*' as much as Mrs. Potter does. The book is embellished with a fac-simile of the autograph of the compiler, '*Cora Urquhart Potter*,' and a portrait which does scant justice to her handsome face.

AFTER glancing through the American reprint of Paul Bert's '*First Steps in Scientific Knowledge*,' one is not surprised to read in the Preface that before the English translation appeared, '500,000 copies had been sold in France within three years,' and that a second English edition was called for immediately after the first appeared. M. Bert was a Member of the French Institute, ex-Minister of Public Instruction in France, and at the time of his death, a short while after this volume left the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., French Resident in Tonquin. The climate of that unhappy country caused his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, robbing the French nation of a loyal servant and the world of an enthusiastic scientific worker. It may be added that it freed the Church in France of one of its most determined opponents. The present work is complete in seven parts, treating respectively of animals, plants, stones and rocks, physics, chemistry, animal physiology and vegetable physiology. It is written with the simplicity, clearness and vivacity that characterize the work of the typical French scientific writer as strikingly as the opposite qualities characterize the writings of the German; and these qualities—so indispensable in a book intended for the young—have been preserved in the translation of Mme. Bert, revised and corrected by Dr. Wm. H. Greene, of the Philadelphia Central High School, who has edited the book for use in America. So attractive is the little volume, with its clear text and teeming illustrations, that one is tempted to read it straight through from beginning to end.

IT IS WELL that while the critics are carping at Browning for the 'obscurities' of his style—the elisions, transpositions and sudden changes of mood and manner in his larger and less popular works, such as the new '*Parleyings*,'—there should be set before the public a new collection of the briefer, simpler, more direct and more

musical of the poet's works. Such a collection is the '*Select Poems of Robert Browning*,' edited by W. J. Rolfe and Heloise E. Hersey, and published by Harper & Bros. in their series of English Classics—uniformly, that is to say, with their Rolfe's Shakspeare and '*Select Poems*' of Goldsmith and Gray. In the Preface Mr. Rolfe says: 'The better part—in every sense—of the work has been done by Miss Hersey, who knows tenfold more about Browning than I do. She originated the plan, selected the poems, prepared the Introduction and wrote more than half of the Notes. I have carefully collated the earlier and later text of the poems (see especially the various readings of "*The Lost Leader*," "*Childe Roland*" and "*Pippa Passes*," none of which appear in their later form in the American editions), and have revised and filled out the Notes.' The joint-editors have worked well together, and have given us a volume to which we might like to add some things but from which we could wish nothing away. The text is pure, the notes are helpfully explanatory; and in the Introduction one finds an essay on the poet's life and works, a chronological table of his chief writings, a list of works that will be of help in studying him, and selections from the comments upon him of the ablest critics.

THE PRESENT year is sure to give us enough 'memorial literature' concerning Queen Victoria's jubilee; most of which is likely to be pleasant reading, but neither literature nor history. This description applies to '*The Victorian Half-Century: A Jubilee Book*' (Macmillan), by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. It is an agreeable, smoothly-written and reasonably complete laudation of the Queen's personal history, with some mention of the leading events of her reign. Social, educational, literary and artistic progress receives no adequate description, and the political record is misleading. Anything more superficial than Miss Yonge's misrepresentation of the Irish struggles it would be hard to find. Her preface states that the book 'may at least claim the credit of perfect accuracy, having been revised by the best authority.' This 'best authority' was apparently a High-and-Dry curate, of Tory proclivities, who had just comfortably dined.—NOT OFTEN, in an oration of the kind, does one find so much that is fresh and stimulating as in Dr. Mellen Chamberlain's '*Address at the Dedication of the Brooks Library Building at Brattleborough, Vermont*,' (University Press, Cambridge). The place and work of town-libraries are well stated, and, in particular, the part of the address which portrays the poverty of the libraries of New England prior to this century is original and decidedly valuable for reference.

RIGHT LIFE; or, Candid Talks on Vital Themes, by Rev. Joseph A. Seiss (Lippincott), is a volume of twelve lectures on the foundations of religion and Christianity, such themes as the reasons for belief in God, the nature of God, the evidences of revelation, and the true nature of faith in Christ, are among those discussed. These lectures were prepared with the purpose of combatting current sceptical tendencies, and to meet the objections to religion based on science and philosophy, as popularly interpreted. They are popular in style and thought, evidently prepared with a serious and careful purpose, and are well calculated to answer the objections of those not trained in severe methods of thinking.—J. S. RANDALL, of Georgetown, Colorado, has prepared in pamphlet form a brief description of the 'Minerals of Colorado.' The mineralogical wealth of Colorado is greater than that of other States, and almost every variety of the metallic minerals is found there. Mr. Randall gives description and analysis of each, with precise locality in the State where it has been found. No system of classification seems to have been followed, and it is perhaps a disadvantage that, in the lack of any other, the arrangement had not been made alphabetical for convenience of reference. There is, however, an Index.

'POPULAR SYNONYMS,' issued by the Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, is an excellent and helpful little pamphlet for the library desk. It does not explain the different uses of apparent synonyms, but merely gives six, eight, sometimes twelve, different words for expressing the same idea. It is chiefly valuable from its conciseness, being made up entirely of single words.—AN excellent little book called '*Schoolroom Games and Exercises*' (Interstate Pub'g Co., Chicago) has been prepared by Elizabeth G. Bainbridge. It is intended that the games, though literally games, should be used to vary and lighten more serious school labor, and as all of them involve some knowledge of geography, history, literature or arithmetic, the practice may be quite as valuable as what is generally known as a lesson.—'WORDS CORRECTLY SPOKEN,' a very small pamphlet by Elroy M. Avery, Ph.D., issued by the same publishers, hardly contributes much that is new or valuable. Very little can be said in 'familiar talks' within such short compass; and it seems to be intended for those who say 'laid' instead of 'lay'

and 'I' instead of 'me.' As the author shudders at the pronunciation of *gyether* for *ether*, he does not seem a wholly reliable guide. — 'HOW TO BECOME A PUBLIC SPEAKER,' by Rev. William Pittinger (National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia), gives some practical suggestions by pointing out the excellence of certain famous orations, and by teaching the student the proper arrangement of ideas both for logic and effect. Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker issues, through the same publishers, another small pamphlet of 'Choice Dialogues for School and Social Entertainment.' The dialogues are very brief and are intended to furnish something new rather than something classical.

'THE AMERICAN ANNUAL of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac' for 1887, issued by the Scoville Manufacturing Co., contains a goodly number of original short articles, with many hints for amateurs, and a summary of the noteworthy progress that has been made in the art during the past year. — 'ILLUSTRATED TABLEAUX FOR AMATEURS,' by Martha Coles Weld, illustrated by Susan M. Barstow (New York: Harold Roorbach), appears in two neat pamphlets, with pictures of each entire scene as it should appear on the stage, and careful description of the manner of accomplishing each effect. — MACAULAY'S 'Lays of Ancient Rome' and Dr. Isaac Barrow's 'Sermons on Evil-Speaking' have been added to the ten-cent series of English classics known as Cassell's National Library, of which Prof. Henry Morley is the judicious and discriminating editor. — CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co. have just issued a revised edition of Guernsey's 'A-B-C Spanish Phrase Book.' As the title-page reminds us that we said the first edition was worth its weight in gold, we are at a loss for anything to say of the present one.

Central Park Threatened Again.

SOME of our public servants might be royal Stuarts, or princes of the house of Orleans, so little do they learn by experience. If any one thing has been clearly proved in the past, it is that the people of New York will not allow Central Park to be desecrated—will not permit the beautiful and consistent scheme of its design to be tampered with, and especially will not sanction the curtailment of any of its few broad open spaces. Yet the oft-proposed scheme of removing the Menagerie to the smaller meadow which lies between the Reservoir and the great North Meadow is again on foot—the same scheme that was defeated, in 1883, by so emphatic a popular outcry. The Park Board has again passed an ordinance sanctioning the removal, and a bill is before the Legislature to appropriate \$300,000 for 'beginning' work upon the buildings. It had already gone to a third reading in the lower house when Mayor Hewitt returned the draft of it to Albany, endorsed as disapproved by the heads of the city departments in council. But he has since signified that the council approves of the removal of the animals, and a hot fight will probably be made to pass the bill; for the animals cannot be removed until accommodation is provided for them somewhere, and certain property owners who live opposite the Arsenal are therefore supporting the measure.

Whatever may be the fate of the beasts, however, the Park *must* be preserved from all schemes of intrusion, mutilation or alteration of any kind. The park is not a public playground—a place for indiscriminate popular entertainment or instruction. It is primarily a place for popular recreation in the fundamental sense of the word. It is a place for the mental and physical refreshment—*re-creation*—of the masses. Out of almost nothing in the way of naturally felicitous elements, great artistic talent has developed an admirable work of art, admirably fitted for this purpose. Not a series of pretty bits of scenery was required, nor mere drives and promenades; but a wide piece of *landscape*, which should simulate to the eyes of those hundreds of thousands of citizens who can never hope to enjoy the 'real thing,' the landscape work of Nature herself. The first thing needful to attain this end was the securing of an expression of breadth—of unity in design, serenity of effect, and that air of unlimited reach and room which is the great quality of a rural as distinct from an urban view. The finest broad stretch of ground in the Park is the North

Meadow, and this was *made*—was blasted out and levelled at an enormous expenditure of labor and money. And the only important piece of green sward in the Park which was *not* made is the adjacent smaller meadow, with its beautiful circling trees and shrubs. Yet this last is just the spot now claimed for the Menagerie; and if it is secured, no one can doubt but that desecration will go on—that it will not be long before the animals cross the dividing sunken road and disport themselves at will in the North Meadow itself.

It is deplorable, disgraceful, that our public servants and our 'influential citizens' should so often have tried to tamper with the Park—this great heritage of the poor—in so many different ways. But it is especially pitiable that any New Yorker should have so little public spirit and so little artistic sense as to advocate the ruin of that lovely natural meadow about which some one wrote three years ago that 'a man might almost as well put his cattle-sheds on his carefully cultivated and abundantly shaded lawn,' as a city permit its beasts to house themselves here. But our city will not permit it, even though the good fight has to be fought over year by year until some possible millennial future, when public servants may deem it their duty to execute the public will *without* a fight.

Bookman's Mine.

'OLD BOOKS & PRINTS'—so runs the sign
Above the shaft of 'Bookman's Mine,'
And just below this ancient line

A '7' lingers—
Sole remnant of the date long past
Which Time the old iconoclast
Has blotted out, and yielding fast
Beneath his fingers.

The steps descending to the shop,
All innocent of broom or mop,
Compel a cautious skip and hop
From those who enter:
And he who, less precipitate,
Descends with careless, easy gait,
Betrays himself, thus intimate,
An old frequenter.

Upon the sidewalk spread to view
Are countless tomes—the good ones few
As those good people Sodom knew,—
At 'bottom prices;'

A book on every topic writ,—
Religious, ribald, rhyme and wit,—
Boccaccio beside a skit
At modern vices.

Within the cellar, here and there,
A gas-jet burns with sickly flare
Half stifled in the musty air
All damp and dingy,
And on the black, rheumatic shelves
Romance and rats disport themselves,
And who thereon for treasure delves
Finds Romance 'fringey.'

Yet somewhere in a hidden place
Are books to make a bookman's face
Evince a transitory trace

Of light angelic;
Wynkin de Worde, or Elzevir,—
A binding tooled with pattern queer,
Or book-plate quaint, or fly-leaf dear,—
Each one a relic.

Here's Swift astray in 'Volume I;'
A flashy covered Tennyson
Coquetting with Miss Monk the nun,
All shelved together
Near by this perpetuity
Of Solomonic ancestry—

'Proverbial Philosophy'

Done up in leather.

And here—what fate for stately rhyme!—

Is Mr. Pollock's 'Course of Time,'

Gilt-edged, and valued at a dime;

Eheu, Nemesis!

How many of us, maid and man,

Have for our grammar had to scan

And parse those lines ere we began

To know the thesis!

Alas, what fate is there in store

For me and you, my book, whose core

Is full of sentimental lore

As light as vapor?

Be it our luck a place to find,

Like Pollock's book, and feel resigned

To know we were not left behind

And sold for paper.

JANUARY 16, 1887.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Return of Bernhardt.

THE effect of the tremendous puffery exercised in behalf of Sarah Bernhardt since the later days of her connection with the Comédie Française, is seen in the reverential treatment which she has received from most of the cities in the daily press. The notoriety achieved for her by her agents, added to the fame justly belonging to her abilities, have raised her to so lofty a pinnacle, that the most audacious scribblers have hesitated to accredit her with any attribute short of absolute perfection. And yet the 'divine Sarah,' as her worshippers love to call her, is human upon the stage as well as off it. When she first visited this country, half the civilized world had been talking of her fascination, her originality, her genius and her escapades, and it was not easy, in the rush and roar of public excitement, to view the comet of the stage in the full blaze of her glory with coldly critical attention; but in the course of years much of the old glamour has died away, and it is possible now to see her as she is—an actress of great and varied powers, and a consummate artist, but by no means a genius of the first rank.

During the first week of her engagement here she acted in three pieces, 'Fedora,' 'Camille' and 'Frou-Frou,' and displayed in each extraordinary cleverness. Her Camille and Gilberte were perfectly familiar and public interest centered in her Fedora, in which it was possible to compare her with an American actress. It will be admitted at once even by the warmest admirer of Miss Davenport that she is no match for the illustrious Frenchwoman in this character, so far as subtlety, finish and sustained interest are concerned; but her reputation is not extinguished by the comparison. On the contrary there is a moment in the third act when she rises to a height of dramatic intensity almost equal to that of Bernhardt herself. The great artistic value of the latter's performance consists in its absolute harmony and justness of proportion. There is never the slightest departure from the lines of the original conception; and the character is developed with unflinching precision, as it is wrought upon by different emotions, up to the final crisis. Bernhardt, like all true artists, works for the general, not the particular effect. It is not easy in her case to point out the spots in which she creates the most profound impression. It is the scene as a whole, not any one part of it, which lives in the memory. There was nothing very thrilling in her treatment of the death-scene of Vladimir in the first act; but the elaboration and significance of her by-play in the second act, when the Princess endeavors to seduce Loris into a confession, were wonderful. There could scarcely be a more eloquent illustration of the vast resources of feminine artifice. Thus Delilah might have played with Samson before she shore his locks away. In this scene almost every expedient of the finished comedian was brought into play. Not an inflection of the musical voice, not a glance of the eye, or a

movement of the busy hands, that had not its special significance. Equally fine in conception and execution was her rigidity of pose, as she listened in the third act to the true story of Vladimir's death, and learned that she had been scheming against the life of the man in whose love now lay her only hope of happiness. The gradual revelation of this new passion was extraordinarily effective, and the culmination of the scene in which she surrenders herself as the only means of saving him from the trap which she had prepared for him was made the occasion of an outburst of emotion which provoked great enthusiasm. This was a stirring bit of acting; but there was much higher art in the quiet suggestion of utter despair beneath an assumption of gaiety, in that last scene where the wretched woman awaits in mortal anxiety the inevitable exposure of her perfidy. The acting here was of a very high order, because a profound effect was wrought by very simple means. The subsequent struggle with the infuriated Loris is mere gymnastics and the death-scene nothing but more or less accurate mimicry, and really deserve small attention, although always rewarded by loud applause.

It is not necessary to expend many words upon Bernhardt's Camille or Frou-Frou. The former is extremely realistic, and in the death-scene very pathetic. The finest touch in it is the seemingly irrepressible burst of anguish over the fatal letter to Armand in the third act. The technical execution throughout is perfect, and the fidelity of the conception indisputable, but the topic is fetid and has been discussed abundantly in by-gone years. Her Gilberte in 'Frou-Frou' is a masterpiece, especially in the earlier part of the play, in which her acting is the very perfection of light comedy. The butterfly gaiety of the first act and the by-play in the rehearsal scene in the second act are both marvels of delicacy and naturalness, while the passion in the quarrel with Louise and the melting pathos of the death-scene show the versatility of the actress in the strongest light. No such Frou-Frou has been seen before, or is likely to be seen again.

But beautiful as her work is as a whole, and wide as is its versatility, there is in it little of the quality of greatness. It excites the liveliest admiration, it commands incessant interest, it not infrequently compels tears; but it does not impart that universal thrill which robs an audience of its discretion. It does not stir the pulse as does the magic power of Salvini, or the untutored genius of Clara Morris. And it is to be feared that time, or weariness, is already beginning to dim the most brilliant qualities of the actress. Her diction is as delightful, her gesture as original and her facial expression as significant as ever, but she is beginning to contract certain mannerisms which were not observable before, and her passion seems to have lost some of its old electric force. Perhaps she only requires rest, or inspiration from other actors, which she is unlikely to obtain from her present company.

The Lounger

I DON'T remember any recent picture sale that has awakened greater interest of a certain kind than that of the 130 paintings of the late Wm. Bliss Baker. The pictures were exhibited and sold at the Ortgies gallery, and they attracted the attention of artists as well as of amateurs and buyers. Mr. Baker died last year, at the age of twenty-seven, from an accident received while skating. His early death, together with his undeniable talent, gave a sentimental interest to the sale. This was enhanced by the exhibition of his portrait, decorated with flowers, and the constant presence of his mother, dressed in deep mourning. The poor woman could not keep away from the place. She felt almost that she was with her son, his pictures were so intimately connected with his life; and she and her husband and two remaining children were all present on the night of the sale.

IT MUST HAVE gratified them to see what good prices the pictures brought. No American work has brought such high prices in a long time, yet I doubt not that their value will increase

with years. I don't know when I have seen pictures that so truly reproduce nature. Most of them were painted out of doors—even the snow-scenes. For these the artist had a sort of portable studio rigged up. As a rule I dislike snow-scenes on canvas, but these of Mr. Baker's were of spring snows, with bits of green showing through the white. The total result of the evening's sale was about \$22,000, no less than \$5,000 being paid for the 'Morning after the Snow.' Mr. B. Altman, who purchased this, also secured several other pictures, evidently believing that one cannot have too much of a good thing. Some of Mr. Baker's studies were quite as delightful as his more finished pictures, and like them brought excellent prices.

THE GUILLESS public has wondered a good deal, of late years, at the posthumous industry of certain popular novelists, and has not been displeased, on the whole, to discover that the monotony of post-mortem existence may be varied by literary employment. It may be that this discovery has had something to do with the recent great multiplication and increase of literary workers. The possibility of carrying on creative authorship in a better world is by no means an unpleasant one; and I could readily sympathize with the longing for death which might overtake a would-be author debarred by a hostile environment from wreaking himself on expression while in the flesh. But there is a bitter for every sweet; and while many of us might be very happy to write posthumous romances with quills from our own wings, there are few who will not be staggered by the prospect of such a projection of less congenial labors into the future life as is foreshadowed in the appended advertisement from *The Evening Post*:

WANTED. A gentleman of thorough business education, experience, and ability, many years (and until his death) in the confidential service of an honored merchant of this city, desires a position of trust and responsibility with first-class corporation or firm as cashier, correspondent, bookkeeper, or all combined. Highest reference and bonds if required. Address W. L., care of *Evening Post*.

THERE is something very suggestive indeed in this promise of 'highest reference and bonds'!

THE MEMPHIS *Avalanche* has just buried Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, the young Kentucky poet, under a landslide of extravagant eulogy. 'A Southern poet,' it calls him—

a Southern poet, the jocund day of whose fame is standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops and who is at once original and brilliant. When he is said to be a poet the English language has been exhausted by any one who does not use lightly that sacred name. He is a poet—not one who writes diluted Tennyson spiced with Swinburne and crusted with Rossetti for *The Century* and *The Independent*—but a poet who has obeyed Longfellow's injunction and looked into his heart and wrote. He has not wandered far in the vale of poetry but his path has been his own and he wears not the livery of any poet, living or dead. . . . The description of the storm [in 'A Wild Violet in November'] is unrivalled in English verse—and this is saying a great deal, for we have many long and labored efforts of this kind, most of which are but leather and prunella. The one image of the sightless chariots bearing down the crackling tree tops, crystallizes in verse a thought which belonged to all the world as a presentiment or a sentiment, an intangible, elusive impression wandering like a disembodied spirit in the world of thought, until Wilson seized it and gave it an undying name and a habitation of perfect beauty.

MR. WILSON was born near Pittsburgh, I believe, and left there, as a very young man, in company with Mr. J. W. Alexander, the painter. Both have made names for themselves. The latter came to this city; the former went to Frankfort, Ky. He is a born poet; nor does he lack 'the accomplishment of verse.' His contributions to THE CRITIC and to the magazines are highly prized, and I am glad to hear that they are to be gathered before long into a book. I have great hopes of Mr. Wilson's future—so great, indeed, that I can only regret the indiscretion of an admirer who indulges in such superlatives as the above, or the following, with which he concludes his pæan:

Such fragments as these are an earnest of the possibilities which linger in the lyre of our young Apollo. His sun is rising and the world is gradually awakening to the fact that a new day is at hand. The brightness may be dimmed by clouds not yet risen above the horizon, but as yet there is nothing to make us fear their coming. Better still, he may be the morning star of a new galaxy, yet below the mountain's rim. God speed him, for the daylight has been long delayed.

THE afternoon edition of the most luminous of our daily contemporaries is known as *The Evening Sun*. It is an old saying that the Sun never sets on the British Empire: it looks very much as if it were never going to set on the United States. If Du

Chaillu had only waited a few years, he might have got the material for his 'Land of the Midnight Sun' without the trouble of a trip to Scandinavia. I hope Mr. Dana's evening orb will never, 'from behind the moon, in dim eclipse, disastrous twilight shed on half the nations,' but go on shining brighter and brighter every day—and night,—'passing through pollutions,' like the rays of its mighty eponym, yet itself remaining 'as pure as before'—if not purer!

IT IS STRANGE how soon the origin of a club gets clouded in mystery. Here is the little band of the Kinsmen, not yet five years old, and blunders about it begin to abound already. The *Times* of Sunday last called it 'The Kinsmen Social Club' and alluded to Austin E. Dobson and Henry E. Abbey as two of its members. A writer in *Harper's Bazar* recently called it an English club, and even Mr. Lathrop (who is a member) in his *Harper's Magazine* paper on 'The Literary Movement in New York' was not altogether accurate in his allusion to it. The Kinsmen was founded here in New York by E. A. Abbey, Lawrence Barrett, Laurence Hutton, Wm. Laffan, Brander Matthews and F. D. Millet. Mr. Matthews gave the first dinner, April 1, 1882, and Mr. Hutton gave a second a year later, March 9, 1883, when Messrs. H. C. Bunner, S. L. Clemens, Julian Hawthorne, James R. Osgood and Elihu Vedder were added. A third dinner took place that summer in London, when the first Englishmen were admitted—Messrs. Boughton, Caldecott, Dobson, Gosse, Lang and Alfred Parsons. Other dinners have been given in New York and London. The tenth was at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, on March 17; and the eleventh will probably be given here in New York within a few weeks. There are now more than fifty Kinsmen, nearly all well-known to the public. Among the Americans who have joined since the earliest dinners are T. B. Aldrich, Edwin Booth, R. W. Gilder, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, Joseph Jefferson, Clarence King, G. P. Lathrop, J. H. Mitchell and C. D. Warner; and among the later Englishmen are William Black, Du Maurier, Henry Irving, Frederick Locker, Walter Pollock and Alma Tadema.

The Fine Arts

Two Recent Art Publications.*

THE Fine Art Library published by Cassell & Co. has been augmented by an excellent treatise on engraving, its origin, processes and history, by Vicomte Henri Delaborde (1). The French original was published under the patronage of the administration of the Beaux Arts, and is one of the most useful of the many works so published by Quantin. Its author is Secretary of the Academy of the Beaux Arts, and has charge of the print department of the Bibliothèque Nationale; he has therefore had every opportunity to make a thorough study of his subject, and his work bears evidence that he has done so. It recounts the history of engraving from the beginning of wood-engraving and of the manufacture of moveable types to the present day; the origin of engraving in metal in the niellos of Florentine goldsmiths; the progress of wood-engraving and burin and etched work in Italy, Germany, the Low Countries and France; the invention of new processes in the Eighteenth Century, and the recent invention of still others, depending on photography. It explains each process clearly though summarily, and gives a fair account of the principal masters, schools and periods. It gives, perhaps, too little attention to the progress of wood-engraving after the first rude essays in criblé or dotted work, and it makes little mention of English or American work. This last fault has been remedied in Messrs. Cassell's publication by the addition of a special chapter by Wm. Walker. The translation of the body of the work seems to have been well done. The illustrations—reductions by actinic process of the originals mentioned in the text—are not nearly as well printed as in the French edition.

Mme. Cavé's work on drawing without a master (2) has been wisely chosen to make one of a series of art handbooks published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and in general intended for students who are obliged to do without the help of a teacher or that afforded by a large class of fellow-students. The Cavé method, which is simplicity itself, is the only one that will enable them to make much solid progress without such assistance. It consists in first drawing on a piece of transparent gauze the outlines of the object which is afterwards to be drawn freehand, of the same size. The first tracing, placed over the freehand drawing, serves as a proof and shows the student plainly where he has been going wrong. Of course, he is not to copy from his tracing but use it only to find out his errors. He is, then, to make the same drawing again,

* 1. Engraving. By Henri Delaborde. Trans. by R. A. M. Stevenson. 2s. Cassell's Fine Art Library. 2. Drawing from Memory. By Marie-E. Cavé. New edition. 1s. 2s. Putnam's Art Handbooks.

from memory, correcting himself in the same manner. This idea is explained in a number of charming letters written by Mme. Cavé to a friend; and it has met with the approval of Eugene Delacroix, and of many other artists and teachers, as a guide for the home study of beginners. The letters are written in the most amusing style, and are full of ideas on other subjects than drawing. The translation, by an anonymous hand, has been very well done.

Art Notes.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL has just published an edition of 250 copies of Alfred Lebrun's catalogue of 'The Etchings, Heliographs, Lithographs and Woodcuts of Jean François Millet,' with some additional notes. The translation is made by Mr. Keppel, who, we take it, is the author of the 'additional notes.' This little book, tastefully printed at the De Vinne Press, is a valuable addition to Millet literature. A portrait of the painter and six fac-simile reproductions of his work are here given. Two of the number, being of the same size as the originals, are so exactly like them, that Mr. Keppel has had the word 'photogravure' embodied in them, that they may not be cut from the book and sold as originals. One of the reproductions is from the famous plate made for a sheet of music. It is the only copy known to be in existence. It may be remembered that the music-publisher for whom it was designed pushed Millet out of his house in a rage, because he asked \$6 for the plate. Mr. Keppel paid \$600 for this impression of it. It is a touching picture, with much of Millet in it; but at the same time one can see how hard he tried to make something conventional to please the publisher.

—A painting which is expected to attract the attention of all Americans in London is a portrait by Richmond of Miss Lisa Stillman, daughter of Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic and painter.

—At an informal meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art at the house of Mayor Hewitt, the other day, it was decided, by a small majority, to open the Museum on Sunday. It is understood that this informal decision of the Trustees will be formally ratified at a special meeting. Mayor Hewitt said on Monday that the appropriation which could be lawfully made by the Board of Estimate was not enough to warrant the further outlay proposed. It would be necessary to wait for the Legislature to provide for an additional appropriation.

—George W. Maynard has been elected President of the Salmagundi Club and H. W. Ranger, Vice-president.

—A collection of water-colors by J. A. Fraser is to be seen at the rooms of the Canadian Club. They present impressions of scenery in the Canadian Rocky Mountains from Laggan on the Atlantic slope to Buffard Inlet on the Pacific Ocean.

—An exhibition of the late Geo. Fuller's pictures is to be held at Reichard's gallery, and a collection of Elihu Vedder's paintings will soon be shown at Wunderlich's.

—Philadelphia's New Art Club has bought for \$100,000 a building in South Broad Street, adjacent to the St. George Hotel, for a club-house and art-gallery.

—At the annual meeting of the American Water-Color Society, J. G. Brown was elected President; Henry Farrer, Secretary; and James Symington, Treasurer. The new Board of Control consists of Messrs F. S. Church, J. C. Beckwith, C. D. Weldon and J. F. Murphy. Two resident members were elected—A. M. Turner and Horatio Walker.

—Mr. Charles F. Haseltine shows in his selection of pictures a judgment which is at once that of a picture-dealer and a connoisseur. In his latest collection, now open at Moore's gallery in Fifth Avenue, he has brought together a more than ordinarily good collection of modern French figure-subjects, with some striking examples of Spanish, Dutch and Italian art. Among the most important works are 'The Old Witch,' by Corelli, for which the artist received a medal at the Antwerp Exhibition of 1885; two decorative panels by Hans Makart; a good example of Jules Stewart; a peasant subject by Brozik; a fine Schreyer, 'The Defile'; Bouguereau's semi-nude female figure, 'Evening'; Bertrand's 'Ophelia'; a Meissonier, showing a military messenger in a dreary landscape, the whole very gray and painted with comparative breadth; and an admirable Troyon, 'Landscape and Cattle at the Mouth of the Seine, at Honfleur.' One of the finest examples in oil of the Dutch painter Israels is a large work, showing an old man presenting a wooden soldier to a child. A Clays, 'Sultry Day on the Zuyder Zee'; a marine by Jules Dupré; a Van Marcke, 'In the Shade'; a celebrated Luminais, 'The Captives'; a splendid Pasini, 'Interview of the Chieftains Metualis in the Mountains of the Lebanon,' which is accounted one of his two greatest works; several Viberts; a Benjamin Constant; and a lovely moonlight marine, by Alfred

Stevens, with iridescent effect of color, are other noteworthy works. Clarrin's 'Pierrette' is conspicuously hung. There are two good small Fortunys and a vigorous Courbet, 'On the Banks of the Marne.' 'Midday at Bartizon' is an interesting example of Corot's early manner. The sale will take place on the 29th, 30th and 31st inst.

General Wolseley on General Lee.*

[Macmillan's Magazine.]

FROM the first Lee anticipated a long and bloody struggle, although from the bombastic oratory of self-elected politicians and patriots the people were led to believe that the whole business would be settled in a few weeks. This folly led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days. Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favour of the engagement being for the term of the war, but he pleaded in vain. To add to his military difficulties, the politicians insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. This was a point which, in describing to me the constitution of his army, Lee most deplored. When war bursts upon a country unused to that ordeal, and therefore unskilled in preparing for it, the frothy babbling of politicians too often forces the nation into silly measures to its serious injury during the ensuing operations. That no great military success can be achieved quickly by an improvised army is a lesson that of all others is made most clear by the narrative of this war on both sides. All through its earlier phases, the press, both Northern and Southern, called loudly, and oftentimes angrily, for quick results. It is this impatience of the people, which the press is able to emphasize so strongly, that drives many weak generals into immature action. Lee, as well as others at this time, had to submit to the sneers which foolish men circulated widely in the daily newspapers. It is quite certain that under the existing condition of things no Fabius would be tolerated, and that the far-seeing military policy which triumphed at Torres Vedras would not be submitted to by the English public of to-day. Lee was not, however, a man whom any amount of irresponsible writing could force beyond the pace he knew to be most conducive to ultimate success.

The formation of an army with the means at his disposal was a colossal task. Everything had to be created by this extraordinary man. The South was an agricultural, not a manufacturing country, and the resources of foreign lands were denied it by the blockade of its ports maintained by the fleet of the United States. Lee was a thorough man of business, quick in decision, yet methodical in all he did. He knew what he wanted. He knew what an army should be, and how it should be organized, both in a purely military as well as an administrative sense. In about two months he had created a little army of fifty thousand men, animated by a lofty patriotism and courage that made them unconquerable by any similarly constituted army. In another month, this army at Bull's Run gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep. As the Federals ran, they threw away their arms, and everything, guns, tents, wagons, etc., was abandoned to the victors. The arms, ammunition, and equipment then taken were real god-sends to those engaged in the organization of the Southern armies. Thenceforward a battle to the Confederates meant a new supply of everything an army required. It may be truthfully said, that practically the Government at Washington had to provide and pay for the arms and equipment of its enemies as well as for all that its own enormous armies required. The day I presented myself in Gen. Lee's camp, as I stood at the door of his tent awaiting admission, I was amused to find it stamped as belonging to a colonel of a New Jersey regiment. I remarked upon this to General Lee, who laughingly said, 'Yes, I think you will find that all our tents, guns, and even the men's pouches are similarly marked as having belonged to the United States army.' Some time afterward, when General Pope and his large invading army had been sent back flying across the Maryland frontier, I overheard this conversation between two Confederate soldiers; 'Have you heard the news? Lee has resigned!' 'Good G——!' was the reply, 'What for?' 'He has resigned because he says he cannot feed and supply his army any longer, now that his commissary, General Pope, has been removed.' Mr. Lincoln had just dismissed General Pope, replacing him by General McClellan.

The Confederates did not follow up their victory at Bull's Run. A rapid and daring advance would have given them possession of Washington, their enemy's capital. Political considerations at Richmond were allowed to outweigh the very evident military expediency of reaping a solid advantage from this first great success. Often afterward, when this attempt to allay the angry feelings of

* Continued from THE CRITIC of March 19, and concluded.

the North against the Act of Secession had entirely failed, was this action of their political rulers lamented by the Confederate commanders.

In this article to attempt even a sketch of the subsequent military operations is not to be thought of. Both sides fought well, and both have such true reason to be proud of their achievements that they can now afford to hear the professional criticisms of their English friends in the same spirit that we Britishers have learnt to read of the many defeats inflicted upon our arms by General Washington.

What most strikes the regular soldier in these campaigns of General Lee is the inefficient manner in which both he and his opponents were often served by their subordinate commanders, and how badly the staff and outpost work generally was performed on both sides. It is most difficult to move with any effective precision young armies constituted as these were during this war. The direction and movement of large bodies of newly-raised troops, even when victorious, is never easy, is often impossible. Over and over again was the South apparently 'within a stone's throw of independence,' as it has been many times remarked, when, from want of a thoroughly good staff to organize pursuit, the occasion was lost, and the enemy allowed to escape. Lee's combinations to secure victory were the conceptions of a truly great strategist, and, when they had been effected, his tactics were also almost always everything that could be desired up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly. Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting round Richmond? What commander could wish to have his foe in a 'tighter place' than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg? Yet in both instances the Northern commander got safely away, and other similar instances could be mentioned. The critical military student of this war who knows the power which regular troops, well-officered and well-directed by a thoroughly efficient staff, place in the hands of an able general, and who has acquired an intimate and complete knowledge of what these two contending American armies were really like, will, I think, agree that from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on. I felt this when I visited the South, and during the progress of the war I heard the same opinion expressed by many others who had inspected the contending armies. I say this with no wish to detract in any way from the courage or other fighting qualities of the troops engaged. I yield to none in my admiration of their warlike achievements; but I cannot blind myself to the hyperbole of writers who refer to these armies as the finest that have ever existed.

Those who know how difficult it is to supply our own militia and volunteer forces with efficient officers can appreciate what difficulties General Lee had to overcome in the formation of the army he so often led to victory. He had about him able assistants, who, like himself, had received an excellent military education at West Point. To the experienced soldier it is no matter of surprise, but to the general reader it will be of interest to know that, on either side in this war, almost every general whose name will be remembered in the future had been educated at that military school, and had been trained in the old regular army of the United States. In talking to me of all the Federal generals, Lee mentioned McClellan with most respect and regard. He spoke bitterly of none—a remarkable fact, as at that time men on both sides were wont to heap the most violent terms of abuse upon their respective enemies. He thus reproved a clergyman who had spoken in his sermon very bitterly of their enemies:—'I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights; but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.' I asked him how many men he had at the battle of Antietam, from which he had then recently returned. He said he had never had, during that whole day, more than about thirty thousand men in line, although he had behind him a small army of tired troops and of shoeless stragglers who never came up during the battle. He estimated McClellan's army at about one hundred thousand men. A friend of mine, who at that same time was at the Federal headquarters, there made similar inquiries. General McClellan's reply corroborated the correctness of Lee's estimate of the Federal numbers at Antietam, but he said he thought the Confederate army was a little stronger than that under his command. I mention this because both those generals were most truthful men, and whatever they stated can be implicitly relied on. I also refer to it because the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three

times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged. With reference to the relative numbers employed on both sides, the following amusing story was told to me at the time. A deputation from some of the New England States had attended at the White House, and laid their business before the President. As they were leaving Mr. Lincoln's room, one of the delegates turned round and said: 'Mr. President, I should very much like to know what you reckon to be the number of rebels in arms against us.' Mr. Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation, replied: 'Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men, for whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength: now I know we have half a million of soldiers in the field, so I am bound to believe the rebels have twice that number.'

As a student of war I would fain linger over the interesting lessons to be learnt from Lee's campaigns: of the same race as both belligerents, I could with the utmost pleasure dwell upon the many brilliant feats of arms on both sides; but I cannot do so here.

The end came at last, when the well-supplied North, rich enough to pay recruits, no matter where they came from, a bounty of over five hundred dollars a head, triumphed over the exhausted South, hemmed in on all sides, and even cut off from all communication with the outside world. The desperate, though drawn, battle of Gettysburg was the death-knell of Southern independence; and General Sherman's splendid but almost unopposed march to the sea showed the world that all further resistance on the part of the Confederate States could only be a profitless waste of blood. In the thirty-five days of fighting near Richmond which ended the war of 1865, General Grant's army numbered one hundred and ninety thousand, that of Lee only fifty-one thousand men. Every man lost by the former was easily replaced, but an exhausted South could find no more soldiers. 'The right of self-government,' which Washington won, and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States. The South was humbled and beaten by its own flesh and blood in the North, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the good sense with which the result was accepted in the so-called Confederate States, or the wise magnanimity displayed by the victors. The wounds are now healed on both sides: Northerners and Southerners are now once more a united people, with a future before them to which no other nation can aspire. If the English-speaking people of the earth cannot all acknowledge the same Sovereign, they can, and I am sure they will, at least combine to work in the interests of truth and of peace, for the good of mankind. The wise men on both sides of the Atlantic will take care to chase away all passing clouds that may at any time throw even a shadow of dispute or discord between the two great families into which our race is divided.

Like all men, Lee had his faults: like all the greatest of generals, he sometimes made mistakes. His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality may be, amounts to a crime in the man intrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments. Lee's devotion to duty and great respect for obedience seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country. He carried out too literally the orders of those whom the Confederate Constitution made his superiors, although he must have known them to be entirely ignorant of the science of war. He appears to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary Chief engaged in a great Revolutionary war: that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time, as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator. If General Washington had had a Mr. Davis over him, could he have accomplished what he did? It will, I am sure, be news to many that General Lee was given the command over all the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse: and that the military policy of the South was all throughout the war dictated by Mr. Davis as President of the Confederate States! Lee had no power to reward soldiers or to promote officers. It was Mr. Davis who selected the men to command divisions and armies. Is it to be supposed that Cromwell, King William the Third, Washington, or Napoleon could have succeeded in the revolutions with which their names are identified, had they submitted to the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis?

Lee was opposed to the final defence of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed, and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which

Lee endeavoured to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country. It is profitless, however, to speculate upon what might have been, and the military student must take these campaigns as they were carried out. No fair estimate of Lee as a general can be made by a simple comparison of what he achieved with that which Napoleon, Wellington, or Von Moltke accomplished, unless due allowance is made for the difference in the nature of the American armies, and of the armies commanded and encountered by those great leaders. They were at the head of perfectly organized, thoroughly trained and well disciplined troops; while Lee's soldiers, though gallant and daring to a fault, lacked the military cohesion and efficiency, the trained company leaders, and the educated staff which are only to be found in a regular army of long standing. A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.

Who shall ever fathom the depth of Lee's anguish when the bitter end came, and when, beaten down by sheer force of numbers, and by absolutely nothing else, he found himself obliged to surrender! The handful of starving men remaining with him laid down their arms, and the proud Confederacy ceased to be. Surely the crushing, maddening anguish of awful sorrow is only known to the leader who has so failed to accomplish some lofty, some noble aim for which he has long striven with might and main, with heart and soul—in the interests of king or of country. A smiling face, a cheerful manner, may conceal the sore place from the eyes, possibly even from the knowledge of his friends; but there is no healing for such a wound, which eats into the very heart of him who has once received it.

General Lee survived the destruction of the Confederacy for five years, when, at the age of sixty-three, and surrounded by his family, life ebbed slowly from him. Where else in history is a great man to be found whose whole life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done? It was consistent in all its parts, complete in all its relations. The most perfect gentleman of a State long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, gentle and generous, and child-like in the simplicity of his character. Never elated with success, he bore reverse, and at last complete overthrow, with dignified resignation. Throughout this long and cruel struggle his was all the responsibility, but not the power that should have accompanied it.

The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as that of a rush-light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, and absolute devotion to his State mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be for ever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honour and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart whilst they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and of finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way: a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other.

The following lines seem written for him:

Who is the honest man?
He who doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his country and himself most true;
Who when he comes to deal
With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for this, and keeps his constant way.

When all the angry feelings roused by Secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle: I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the Nineteenth Century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

The Author and the Public.

THE Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is the President, is making an active attempt to organize help for authors. On Wednesday, March 2, Mr. Walter Besant addressed the first of three conferences of the Society, Lord Lytton in the chair. He discussed the relations of author to publisher in a speech to which we have already alluded (March 12, page 128). On the 9th Mr. Edmund Gosse addressed the Society on the author's relations to the public. After he had spoken, remarks were made by Miss Mary Robinson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Prof. F. Pollock and others. The following is a summary of Mr. Gosse's address:

The unsatisfactory relations of Author to Publisher by no means absorb the whole attention of the Society of Authors. On the present occasion nothing will be said on the piquant theme of the Wicked Publisher. The Author has also to be defended against the Wicked Public, and the subject of this afternoon's discourse will be the extent and mode in which the pressure on the unsuccessful or half-successful man or woman of letters can be minimised by organization. It is useless to attempt to run counter to the natural laws of economy, or to force uninterested readers to buy books against their will. Authorship must be looked upon as a profession, subject, like other professions, to the laws of supply and demand. It has, moreover, the disadvantage of being unlike the Law, or the Church, or the Army, or the Navy, in that, although its prizes are large, they are very few, and there is little left, when they are distributed, to divide among the rank and file. It has to be acknowledged that high literary success is rare indeed, and if the Society did no more, we believe that it would be of service in continuing to impress upon beginners the extreme folly of trying to live by pure literature. All these and other difficulties we must frankly face. Every editor in the Anglo-Saxon world is deluged with manuscript. Thousands of pens are working away without the slightest reasonable hope. The Society of Authors has been accused of existing for the sake of the amateur; we repudiate the charge, and we declare, as plainly as we can, that our desire is to prove to the amateur that he has no right to exist.

We intend, in the first place, to look the existing state of things courageously in the face. If we listen to the optimists who prophesy smooth things, we are led to believe that the profession of literature at the present moment is an Arcadia. We are told that the horrors of the Eighteenth Century are old history, and that no Otway or Chatterton of to-day could possibly starve. One of the first things to be done is to clear away this fallacy. It is true that the growth of journalism, and its development as an honorable and moderately lucrative profession, have proved a blessed relief to thousands of candidates for literary honors. The country genius, the village prodigy, comes to London to find that such gifts as his are far more common than his friends supposed, but he often discovers an honest and pleasant channel for his energies in the columns of the newspapers. Nevertheless, with all alleviations, Grub Street is with us still—Grub Street that should be called no-Grub Street. But though things are now much as they were in the days of Goldsmith and Savage, there is no reason why we should acquiesce. If things go badly, we may depend upon it that they are worse than they need be. One of the first things to be done is to distinguish the helpable from the unhelpable author. In the Eighteenth Century the type of the unhelpable author was Samuel Boyse, author of the 'Deity,' a poem which Fielding and Pope praised. Boyse sat for six weeks in bed, with his arm through a hole in the blanket, writing on his knee, because he had no shirt, and then, when his friends made a subscription for him, spent the money on truffles. Being employed for charity to translate Fénelon, on the 'Existence of a God,' he immediately married a wife on the strength of the commission. No power can keep this sort of man from starvation, and when he occurs nowadays he is as unhelpable as he was a hundred years ago. There are men who loaf about the British Museum, doing odd jobs for the publishers, writing or compiling hack-books for a pittance which they spend on drink. Such men can no more be helped than Savage or Boyse could, but by their side there are struggling on excellent fellows whom a little encouragement from a wise organization could help to become ornaments of the profession.

The authors for whom the Society feels the most urgent sympathy are those who are capable of making a small legitimate success. The men and women whose property needs to be protected are those who are doing pure and useful work, which is at present appreciated only by a small circle. It is such as these whom we desire to guard against pitfalls, and to keep out of undesirable

hands. Women, especially, who have done, and are doing, so much that is noble and skilful in the art of literature, seem to have one lesson which they cannot learn: that of helping themselves in the business relations of life. In our office we hold confidential information of the most startling kind, and we speak, knowing what it is we say, when we describe the helplessness of the half-successful professional writer.

We believe that a remedy for these conditions is to be found in an organized Society for the protection of authors, and such a society we desire that ours should become. For exactly fifty years the Société des Gens de Lettres, founded in 1837, has performed similar functions in Paris. It has defended the intellectual property of its members, has secured for them the just advantages accruing from their works, has ameliorated the position of the literary profession, and has given to isolated and inexperienced authors the advantages of organized and instructed advice.

Mr. Gosse proceeded to enter somewhat minutely into the constitution of this Society, and to discuss the advisability of adopting it with certain modifications. He closed with a strong appeal to the successful authors of England to combine in common action to protect the interests of their weaker professional brethren.

Notes

LORD TENNYSON has written an affectionate and thankful letter to Walt Whitman on the comments of the latter, in *THE CRITIC* of Jan. 1, upon the supplementary 'Locksley Hall.' Is not this the only instance known of the Laureate's formally 'noticing a notice'?

—Mr. G. P. Lathrop asks us to announce that his editorial connection with *The Epoch* ceased on Tuesday last.

—A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher, giving all the sermons, lectures and addresses delivered there by Mr. Beecher last summer, and an account of the trip by Major J. B. Pond, his travelling companion and manager, will be issued shortly by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, with a photographic portrait of Mr. Beecher as a frontispiece.

—Dr. Josiah Strong's 'Our Country: Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis,' is reported by Baker & Taylor Co. to be in its fiftieth thousand.

—Of Hugo's 'Les Misérables' Mr. William R. Jenkins announces a carefully revised edition, in five well-printed volumes, at \$4.50 per set in paper and \$6.50 in cloth. The first volume, 'Fantine,' will be ready about the middle of April. Prof. Alfred M. Cotte, a teacher of languages in this city, has prepared a volume of 'Contes Tirés de Molière,' based upon the plan of the Lambs' 'Tales from Shakspeare.' Mr. Jenkins will publish it in its entirety during the summer, and will, in the meantime, issue the stories separately. 'L'Avare,' the initial one, will appear about May 1.

—Lord Tennyson's 'Jubilee Ode' will be published in the April *Macmillan's*. It is said to have cost the publishers a price compared with which all other poems may be said to have been given away.

—A new comedy by Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. George N. Jessop will be produced by Mr. John T. Raymond at Memphis, on April 1. Mr. Matthews's 'Margery's Lovers' will be acted in Boston and Chicago during the summer by Mr. Palmer's company from the Madison Square Theatre.

—The publication of the Thackeray Letters, for which we have all been waiting impatiently, is begun in the April *Scribner's*. If the first instalment is a fair example, we may anticipate a literary feast. There are several allusions in these letters to the novelist's own works, then in course of writing. In a letter to Mrs. Brookfield he says:—'Now that it is over and irremediable, I am thinking with a sort of horror of a bad joke in the last number of 'Vanity Fair,' which may perhaps annoy somebody whom I wouldn't wish to displease. Amelia is represented as having a lady's maid, and the maid's name is Payne. I laughed when I wrote it, and thought that it was good fun; but now, who knows whether you and Payne and everybody won't be angry; and in fine, I am in a great tremor. The only way will be for you, I fear, to change Payne's name to her Christian one. Pray don't be angry if you are, and forgive me if I have offended. You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife—*est pour beaucoup*.' Later he writes to the same correspondent:—'I have been re-reading the "Hoggarty Diamond" this morning; upon my word and honor, if it doesn't make you cry, I shall have a mean opinion of you. It was written at a time of great affliction, when my heart was very soft and humble. Amen. *Ich habe auch viel geliebt*.' While writing 'Pendennis,' Thackeray

was often very much depressed. In a letter written to Mr. Brookfield, and dated at his club, he says:—'I have passed the day writing and trying to alter "Pendennis," which is, without doubt awfully stupid; the very best passages, which pleased the author only last week, looking hideously dull by the dull fog of this day. I pray, I pray that it may be the weather. Will you say something at church for it next Sunday?'

—Mr. Yates Thompson, the proprietor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, is paying a short visit to this country with his wife, the daughter of Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Thackeray's publishers. They arrived a fortnight since, and will return on April 30 on the Etruria.

—Mr. S. S. McClure has just returned from abroad, having arranged while absent to publish simultaneously in the newspapers of the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, Australia and India a series of novels and novelettes by some of the best known living authors. 'Copy' will be furnished in English, French and German. A well-known English publishing-house has joined Mr. McClure in this venture.

—Mark Twain is said by *The Pall Mall Gazette* to have received about \$38,565 from Chatto & Windus from the sale of his books in England. Bret Harte is another popular American author on their list.

—*Shakspeariana* reprints from 'a recent catalogue of autographs' the following from Robert Browning to Mackay: 'My few shelves groan already under the dead weight of books about Shakspeare, mostly unexamined. I cannot think of adding yours to the number. Besides, the very name of Shakspeare is made a terror to me by the people who just now are pelting each other under my nose, and calling themselves his disciples all the while!'

—Mr. Robert Browning, who for twenty years has lived with his sister in Warwick Crescent, Bayswater, has bought a house in De Vere Gardens, Kensington, says Mr. Smalley, 'and will occupy it probably two months hence. He will have Mr. Henry James and Sir James Stephen for neighbors.'

—A new edition of 'Lord Beaconsfield's Home Letters,' containing material which it was at first deemed advisable to suppress, will soon be published in London by Murray.

—Prof. Henry C. Adams has written a monograph on the 'Relation of the State to Industrial Action,' which was to have been issued yesterday (Friday) by the American Economic Association.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Wednesday next, March 30:—'The Feud of Oakfield Creek,' a novel of California, by Josiah Royce, Ph.D., author of 'California,' in the American Commonwealth Series; 'His Star in the East,' a study in the early Aryan religion, by Rev. Leighton Parks, of Boston; 'Daffodils,' a new volume of poems by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and a new edition of her 'Pansies'; 'A Club of One,' the note-book of a man who might have been sociable; and Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,' with notes by S. A. Bent, Part I., No. 25, of the Riverside Literature Series.

—*Life* objects to the name of the popular writer, Mr. Thomas Dunn English. Thomas Dunn is not English, it says. It should be Thomas Did.

—Prof. Lanciani's lectures under the auspices of the American Archaeological Society have been so successful that a second course has been begun at the Madison Square Theatre, as follows: March 24, 'The Palace of the Cæsars'; March 29, 'The Sewers, Aqueducts, Baths and Cemeteries, and Sanitary Regulations of the City'; April 1, 'The Theatres and Circuses and the Police Regulations of the City'; April 5, 'The Catacombs and the Revival of Archaeological Studies.'

—*The Open Court* is a new Chicago fortnightly 'devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis.' Its leading object is to continue the work of *The Index*, and in connection therewith to support the monistic philosophy. Able pens—Mr. Moncure Conway, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Dr. Felix L. Oswald and others—are enlisted in its service; and it is edited by B. F. and Sara A. Underwood. It is printed in large type on heavy paper, and presents altogether a very creditable appearance.

—A correspondent writes:—'The friends of the New York School of Acting had every reason to be gratified by the exhibition given on the 16th at the Lyceum Theatre. The success of an institution aiming at so much can only be tested after a generation of effort; but the success of such schools abroad has been enough to encourage their beginning here, and what has been accomplished in only a year or two warrants the best hope for future results. What this method of training can do for genius will of course show itself only in a course of years; what it will do for the average student is already evident. The exhibition on the 16th was not a

"showing-off" of the best talent at Mr. Sargent's command, trained not only to daily effort but to special effort for this occasion; it was rather the result of a desire to show the average result of the general training. Nothing had been rehearsed for the occasion; but the everyday methods of instruction were shown, and the pupils merely went to school in public that afternoon. Not what can be done by such training, but what the training itself is, was to be shown; leaving the audience to draw its own inferences as to what such training would be likely to accomplish for the average dramatic student.

—From L. Prang & Co. we have received a pleasing variety of Easter cards, and from Lee & Shepard a number of appropriate poems published in a style peculiarly suited to Easter.

—A new edition of 'The Satchel Guide to Europe' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is just ready. This is a complete and reliable guide and has long been a favorite. Cassell & Co. come forward at the same moment with a 'Pocket Guide to Europe' (formerly published by Osgood), which was planned by Mr. E. C. Stedman and compiled by Edward Mr. King—a combination which gives a peculiarly literary flavor to the book. Mr. Stedman has just prepared a new edition of this guide, which is complete to date and which for diminutiveness of size and accuracy of statement has no rival.

—Mr. Whittaker has issued a little 'Calendar for the Holy Season of Lent,' compiled by Rev. C. E. D. Griffith. He announces Canon Row's 'Future Retribution Viewed in the Light of Reason and Revelation' and Rev. E. Hatch's 'Early History of Christian Institutions.'

—*The Theatre* began its second year last Saturday.

—Mr. Ruskin received last year from his publisher, Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, Kent, about \$20,000. Mr. Allen publishes for Mr. Ruskin 'simply as his agent, on commission.'

—*Lend a Hand* declares that equality in the education of the sexes in Russia has not been established without strong resistance on the part of the Government. 'About the year 1859, the women began to clamor for university education. Their admittance was forbidden, and they went to France and Switzerland to obtain the advantages of study denied them in their own country. The Government was led, at last, to believe that these women, on their return, would promulgate even more liberal ideas than if allowed the education they sought at home. This was the strong point that gained them their concessions.'

—We are not surprised to hear that Capt. Samuel's 'From Forecastle to Cabin' has already gone into a second edition. It will not be the last.

—We have already called attention to the good work of the State Charities Aid Association in providing reading-matter for the inmates of hospitals and asylums. Much more could be accomplished in this way, if the Committee on Books and Newspapers had more money to expend in placing boxes at the ferry-houses and railroad termini in this city. The publication of the Catalogue of the Association's Library has called forth at home and abroad striking testimonials to the value and importance of the collection to persons interested in charitable work. One of the objects which this organization has set itself to accomplish is the establishment of postal savings-banks throughout the country, with a view to creating and fostering habits of thrift among the poor. A special committee is engaged in advocating this system, which is already in successful operation in other countries. To do its noble work efficiently, the State Charities Aid Association needs not more than \$5,500 a year; but it depends for its income upon voluntary contributions. Every penny sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Charles Russell Hone, 21 University Place, is welcomed gladly and judiciously expended.

—*Science* has recently (March 11) devoted several pages to an exceptionally interesting article by T. C. Mendenhall, entitled 'The Characteristic Curves of Composition.' 'Augustus De Morgan somewhere remarks (I think it is in his "Budget of Paradoxes"),' he observes, 'that some time somebody will institute a comparison among writers in regard to the average length of words used in composition, and that it may be possible to identify the author of a book, a poem, or a play, in this way.' Mr. Mendenhall has reflected upon this remark at various times within the past few years, and as a result of his cogitations presents 'a more comprehensive and satisfactory method of analysis'—a method which is the 'literary analogue' of that by which, by the use of the microscope, 'a beam of non-homogeneous light is analyzed, and its component parts assorted according to their wave-length.' His plan is to 'analyze a composition by forming what may be called a "word-spectrum," or "characteristic curve," which shall be a graphic representation of an

arrangement of words according to their length and the relative frequency of their occurrence.' He argues that 'if it shall be found that with every author, as with every element, this spectrum persists in its form and appearance, the value of the method will be at once conceded.' To illustrate, he has counted the number of letters in several groups of one thousand words each in the writings of several authors, and shown the result of the count on sheets of 'squared' paper (paper ruled in two directions at right angles to each other). At the bottom of each column is a number (1, 2, 3, etc., up to 16) indicating the number of letters to a word; and above each of these numbers is placed a point whose distance from the base line is proportional to the number of such words in any thousand of the author's composition. These points are joined by a broken line, showing the author's 'characteristic curve.' This line begins near the base, on the right side of the sheet, with words of fifteen or sixteen letters, and climbs more or less steadily up towards the point indicating three-letter words, from which it falls rapidly to the point indicating two and one. The superiority of this method to De Morgan's lies in the fact that it shows, not only the average length of the words used by any given writer, but the proportion, in each case, of words of one, two, three or more letters. The average length might be very nearly identical, in the case of two authors, at the same time that the 'characteristic curve' was very different. As a mere matter of curiosity, we note that the average number of letters to a word, in the case of four authors thus far examined, based upon a count of 10,000 words from each, is as follows:—Mill 4.775; Thackeray, 4.481; Dickens, 4.342; Edward Atkinson, 4.298. For a satisfactory setting forth of this suggestive theory for the settlement of disputed questions of authorship, we refer the reader to Mr. Mendenhall's paper, which is fully illustrated with diagrams.

—Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Books and Bookmen' is about to go into a second edition in England.

—'Having had more than one growl,' writes a 'Converted Scoffer,' 'at what you call the Lenox "Mausoleum," I wish, like Topsy, to "fess." Mr. Henry Stevens's book, which gives an account of his relations with Mr. Lenox, and his connection with the Library, is very "enlightening." Mr. Lenox was "churlish" about his Library, because it was not in any way arranged, the books being piled up in various rooms—in some order, perhaps, but an order which only himself understood. And this was the work of years, many years. Their arrangement in the Library must have been also a work of time; and then, *cui bono*? You can't turn people loose in such a place; and the majority would not know what they wanted when they were there. It is a sad fact, as even the Astor Library can testify, that you can't trust even decent (looking) people with books: there is a pilfering propensity that is stronger than any principle yet discovered. And when a man has paid 100¢ for a rare book, it can't be given over to be handled by all the black gloves that choose to call for it. When they can afford one man to each visitor, or pair of visitors, then indeed may they show them, indiscriminately.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1245.—Does any one know anything about a poem attributed to Emma Whittier, and containing the following lines?

'Twas morn in fair Vienna, and on spire and palace wall
A broad bright coloring of gold the early sunbeams fall.

A son of free America amid those titled knaves
Answered Austria's haughty prince, 'Our trade is in our slaves.'

It was written over forty years ago, I think.

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H. F. B.

No. 1246.—The following words were spoken by an intelligent young lady a few hours before death: 'Loved heart, there is joy for thee; after the night comes the morning.' Is the expression original, or can the author be named by your readers? The parents and friends are deeply interested, and have made many efforts to ascertain these facts.

STEELTON, PA.

D. L. J.

No. 1247.—Can you tell me anything of the Italian poet Lorenzo Stecchetti? The following is a rough translation of one of his pathetic little songs:

When the leaves are falling, falling,
In the winds that pass with sobbing sound,
Then perchance your thoughts may seek me—
Reach me, where I lie in holy ground.
There o'er my heart fair flowers are blooming,
O pluck them for thy hair so golden bright,
For they speak the words of love I could not tell thee,
And sing the songs I thought but could not write.

LAKEWOOD, N. J.

R. K.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

Abbott, C. C. Waste-Land Wanderings. \$1.50. Harper & Bros.
Baker, George A. Mrs. Hephæstus. \$1.00. White, Stokes & Allen.
Bates, Arlo. Sonnets in Shadow. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Blackmore, R. D. Springhaven. \$1.50. Harper & Bros.
C. & C. Two Gentlemen of Gotham. \$1.00. Cassell & Co.
Cassell's Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. \$1.50. Cassell & Co.
Cheyne, Rev. T. K. Job and Solomon. \$2.25. Thomas Whittaker.
Cook, Joseph. Boston Monday Lectures. No. 101, 100. Boston: Rand, Avery Co.
Davis, George B. Outlines of International Law. \$2. Harper & Bros.
Dodd, A. B. Cathedral Days. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Dos Passos, John R. The Inter-State Act. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Edler, K. E. Baldine, and Other Tales. Tr. by Lord Lytton. 75c. Harper & Bros.
Gates, C. O. Latin Word-Building. D. Appleton & Co.

Gift, Theo. Lil Lerimer. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Gratacap, L. P. Philosophy of Ritual. James Pott & Co.
Guernsey, F. R., and Machado, J. F. A—B—C Spanish Phrase-Book. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Hill, F. H. George Canning. 75c. D. Appleton & Co.
Hitchcock, Henry. American State Constitutions. 75c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hoey and Lillie. The Startling Exploits of Dr. J. B. Quies. \$1.75. Harper & Bros.
Hurst, C. H., and Marshall, A. M. Practical Zoology. \$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Keller, J. W. The Game of Draw-Poker. 50c. White, Stokes & Allen.
Larned, A. Village Photographs. \$1.75. Henry Holt & Co.
Magee, W. C. The Atonement. 40c. Cassell & Co.
Maude, J. E. The Foundations of Ethics. \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co.
Moberly, Rev. C. E. The Early Tudors. \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Parsons, Richard. Cebes' Tablet. 80c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Pepys, Samuel. The Diary of. 1663-4. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Rawlinson, G. Ancient Egypt. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ricker, G. H. Elements of English. Chicago: Interstate Pub. Co.
Roberts, Ellis H. New York. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Row, C. A. Manual of Christian Evidences. 75c. Thomas Whittaker.
Russell, W. C. The Golden Hope. 20c. Harper & Bros.
Satchel-Guide to Europe. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sherman, F. D. Madrigals and Catches. \$1.00. White, Stokes & Allen.
Stoddard, W. O. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. \$1.25. White, Stokes & Allen.
Storer, F. H. Agriculture in Some of its Relations with Chemistry. 2 vols. \$5.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Strike in the B—Mill. \$1.00. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Warman, Prof. E. B. Schoolroom Friend. 75c. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.
Watson's Phonographic Instructor. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Wheelwright, J. T. A Child of the Century. \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Yachts and Yachting. \$1.50. Cassell & Co.

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